

# The Evening World.

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## NOW ENFORCE IT.

THE EVENING WORLD'S fight for a cheap and popular taxicab service brought crushing defeat to the Taxicab Trust yesterday when the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court sustained the recent decision of Justice Seabury and declared the ordinance which this newspaper tirelessly urged until it passed the Board of Aldermen legal and valid.

When The Evening World determined to put an end to taxicab graft and extortion it based its efforts upon an ordinance framed to protect the public and still offer free and fair competition to taxicab interests.

That ordinance was prepared with greatest care and foresight. Honest taxicab proprietors have welcomed it and have made money by conforming to it. It has stood the severest judicial tests. It has proved itself a sound municipal law.

Now enforce it.

Pindell Nomination Held Up.—Headline.  
It blows hot and cold in Petersburg.

## HELP THE Y. M. C. A. TO WIN OUT.

IT WILL be a long time before the country sees a finer exhibition of energy and zeal in a good cause than the efforts of the Y. M. C. A.-Y. W. C. A. workers to secure their \$4,000,000.

To dwell upon the admirable aim and purpose of these associations is merely to insist upon what everybody knows to be one of the strongest forces for the help of young men and women that the world has ever felt.

The point is now that these organizations have set themselves a colossal task of money raising. By unflinching enthusiasm and brilliant rushes of hard work they have touched the \$4,000,000 mark. Monday and Monday evening must see the end.

Would it not be vastly to the credit of this big and wealthy city to rise to this occasion next Monday and with pennies, dollars, tens of dollars, hundreds of dollars, thousands of dollars rush the campaign through to a brilliant victory?

Write the Second Assistant Postmaster-General defends the auto mail truck the public in this city goes to the funeral of its victims.

## AFTER ALL WE'VE DONE FOR CHICAGO!

CHICAGO SCULPTOR opines that the "Great White Way" of New York is "not a thing of beauty, but an unsightly glare of lights, and ought to go to the scrap heap."

New Yorkers do not regard the scintillating section of Broadway as the most beautiful part of the city. But the fact is they find it, curiously enough, a useful and almost indispensable feature for the entertainment of visiting gentlemen from Chicago and like outlandish parts.

If some one were to take stock most any night of the thousands of out-of-town guests who contribute joyfully to the maintenance of the glitter and glare of frivolous Broadway, we fancy Chicagoans would not be conspicuous by their absence. What would the average Chicago man who comes to New York on a "business trip" say if he found no "Great White Way" to gladden his tired eye and make him feel happy and at home?

Incidentally we note that the Chicago sculptor sighs that "the dream of his life has been to make a beautiful figure that should represent Chicago." Maybe it can't be done.

William O'Connell has filed some more campaign expenditures. If'm.

## TABLOID "EATS."

ENOUGH FOOD for a week can be held in the palm of one hand and will cost you only \$1.50 if—you are willing to live on tabloid "eats" and probably lose a few pounds. You will get plenty of nutrition placed with scientific accuracy in appropriate parts of your system and you will not be hungry—or not so very.

The experience of living for seven days on rations of pulverized soap, meat tablets, powdered potatoes and such, as described by Mrs. Winifred Cooley, National President of Associated Clubs of Domestic Science, who faithfully went through with the experiment and tells in The Sunday World Magazine for to-morrow exactly how she did it and how she felt while doing it, proves that the laboratory can take the place of the kitchen—for a time.

Mrs. Cooley concludes from her experiment, however, that until folks have lived on food tablets for a few centuries and got used to it they will feel the need of something considerably more bulky under their waistbands.

Which suggests that the dietary theory of the frugal dorky who took dried apples for breakfast, water for dinner and was satisfied with results for supper, still has its claims.

## Letters From the People

For Earlier Closing Hours.

There are many employees in the various business sections of the city who unconsciously detain their employees after the customary office closing hour (5 P. M.) for fear that they might lose a telephone call or "something might turn up." Is this fair to the employees, readers? HOWARD.

The Verbalist "Hobo."

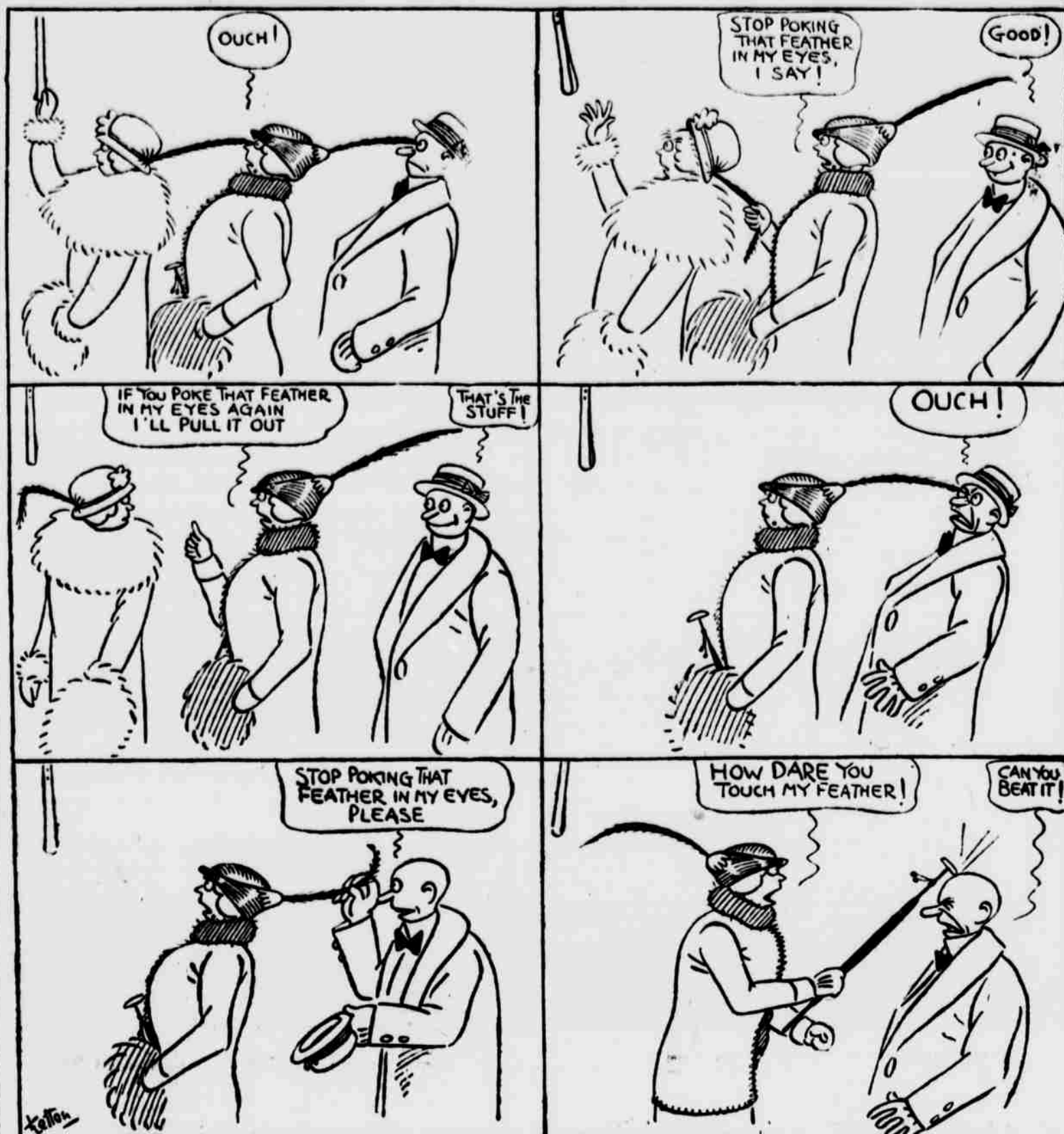
I'm only a poor old hobo, drifting the world about, a derelict on life's great sea, living from hand to mouth. And sometimes my mouth don't see my hand for many a day or more, for the high cost of living's highest to the poorest of the poor. Right here and now I want to give thanks if my poor old pen could give the Bobby Burns or Shakespearean thanks I'd be able to do. But I can't, so I'll just say "thanks" to the Editor.

My learnin's never been learned, for in my youth "I knew it all" and the high-brow stuff I spurned. I'm thankful that Thanksgiving is coming soon again, and I want to thank the Christian folks who remember us hobo-men with the turkey and cranberry sauce, or giving of us our fill, and they have the thanks of not only me but many a "weary Will." I know the turkey may be tough and all that, but a beggar has no choice, but then again the knife may be sharp and the turkey could be worse. So here's thanks to the folks who don't forget every year to give us our fill, may they enjoy their Thanksgiving feast as well as us hobo-men. Long may they live and their teaching's long, may they have the thanks of a poor hobo. But what are the thanks of the likes of me compared with those that are heavenly? And when they answer the trumpet's call God's thanks they'll receive—which are best of all. C. H. FARR.

# Can You Beat It?

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family

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Mr. JARR'S tooth, thanks to the efforts of Dr. Gumm, was now aching to such a degree that he would have sat him down in the electric chair without a murmur.

Hence he made no protest when the newcomer in the neighborhood led him into the ground floor flat, opposite Mr. Dinkston's sign language studio. The gyrating of a ratchet against his spine and the closing in of a pair of plush-covered arms—and Mr. Jarr felt himself pinned in the operating chair. "Ah!" said the young dentist merrily, "what have we here?" And he twisted Mr. Jarr's jaws open and again tapped the aching tooth. Dr. Gumm may have been a young man. His chair and instruments may have been bought on the installment plan. His dark auburn Vandike whiskers may have been first growth. But he knew

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

Speaking of Hungarians, we note that Col. Roosevelt spoke in Buenos Ayres. The "hesitation waits" may save some young people from taking the "one step."—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Mr. Mitchell is making much of the fact that the National Administration did not take part in the New York campaign. It wasn't necessary, but Mr. Mitchell was permitted to hold his job until it was seen whether he got the other one.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The average man never appreciates prosperity until after the parade has passed.

Vincent Astor's fiancée is a real beauty, but, then, he couldn't have chosen a homely girl if he had wanted to, as the Sunday and society editors would have stood for it.—Boston Transcript.

From London comes the announcement that the pear shape is to be woman's new figure. The worst will happen when fashion begins to dress 'em up to resemble vegetables.—Tulsa Blade.

A Cincinnati woman married her son's wife's brother, and unless something happens in Cincinnati soon to divert people's attention, the problem is going to drive half the city to the asylum.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Mr. Jarr Is Lured Away from Home and Into a Harlem Torture Parlor

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ing briskly to work with his instruments of torture (including a grinding machine of the most terrifying description), "when I was head contractor for Hurtless Harding, I never let a patient get by without at least a contract for a hundred dollars. Hurtless Harding won all the cups at the Horse Show that year, you remember?"

"Yes, and I remember the County Dental Association sent him to jail next year," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "Ah, we mustn't talk! We mustn't talk!" said the young dentist blithely. "We must put a dam in our mouth!" "Whusuh doing?" asked Mr. Jarr. But these were the last words he spoke (semi-articulate though they were) for some time. For Dr. Gumm had a gag-like contrivance he called a rubber dam firmly fastened across Mr. Jarr's mouth in such a position that it made his tongue feel a total stranger about to be torn out by the roots and cast aside. At the same time the red plush arms held their victim in a tighter grip. Dr. Gumm meanwhile began to hum.

"You dragged me down to what I am, I hope you're satisfied." "We now use the drill for a little while. I do not think the roots need treatment, but I'd better explore the channels." said Dr. Gumm. "Shall I?" Mr. Jarr gurgled and struggled to be free, and Dr. Gumm smiled and remarked that he, Mr. Jarr, was plucky, very plucky.

"Of course," he added, "as I am new to the neighborhood my charges will be moderate, and I will leave it to you that I am painless, absolutely painless, eh? Yes, of course I am." And Dr. Gumm whistled a bar or two of "Too Much Mustard," to show he was not only positively and perfectly painless, but that he was musical, also. "As I said," Dr. Gumm went on, "we will now explore the channels."

So saying, he twisted a flexible but hard wire down into the tiny crevices of the ache for what seemed to the tortured Mr. Jarr to be several feet or so.

"Ah, we didn't hurt you, did we? Not a bit! Not a bit!" remarked Dr. Gumm. And so pleased was he with the painlessness of the proceedings (at least so far as he was concerned) that he did a few steps of the Argentine tango.

Mr. Jarr, writhing but held tight, struggling though gagged, beheld Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston standing in the doorway. Such was the dumb appeal in Mr. Jarr's glance that Mr. Dinkston's tender heart was touched. Going over to the gas bracket, he turned the key of it and then turned it back and nodded his head at Mr. Jarr with a look of inquiring assent.

Mr. Jarr now realized all the possibilities of mimeography, or the sign language. He nodded quickly in the affirmative.

"He says he wants you to administer gas," remarked Mr. Dinkston. "Oh, very well. That will be \$50. Addlers more!" said Dr. Gumm.

## Broadway Ballads—(XII.)

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## JUST A SONG AT MIDNIGHT WHEN THE FIRE IS LOW



Published by PATER FAMILIAS Co.

Just a song at midnight, When the fire is low And the shivery shivers softly come and go; Though the legs be weary, Cold the night and long, Still till dawn of daylight, I sang love's old, sweet song.

## When Lotteries Were Legal.

THE first lottery, in the modern meaning of the word, was the "lotto" of Florence, which held its first drawing on this date, Aug. 25, in the year 1499. The first lottery in France was established about nine years later, and received the name of *blancs* from the white tickets, which indicated the chances.

# THE MATRIMONIAL PRIMER

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Edited by HELEN ROWLAND.

Does this not show that the young gentleman is very kind? No, my child; it merely shows that he is in love. A man may give a woman a gold-handled umbrella with her monogram in diamonds, and mean only kindness. But if he insists on CARRYING it over her, he means business. There is a difference. Oh! Then the young gentleman is going to marry the young lady? Yes, my child; but—he does not know it. How will he find it out? The young lady will explain it to him with a diagram. Then they will be engaged. Oh, won't all their friends be surprised to hear that they are engaged? Nobody will be surprised, my child, except the young gentleman.

RESERVE the man and woman shaking hands. Are they meeting or parting?

They are parting, my child. The lady is going to Reno and the gentleman is going back to his club. But, why do they look so happy at parting? Because the lady is going to get a divorce.

What is a divorce, and why does the lady want one? A divorce is the Great Divide, over which the lady thinks she will pass into Eternal Peace, and the gentleman fancies he will pass into the Happy Hunting Grounds. The lady wants one because she has made a horrible discovery. She has, at last, found out that her husband is only a MAN.

Oh, how sad! But, is not divorce a painful thing? It once was, my child. But with all the "modern improvements," it is becoming as painless as surgery or dentistry. See! The lady has packed her husband's dress clothes, his winter flannels and his cough syrup; and the gentleman will carry the lady's suitcase to the station and pay for her railway ticket. After that, it will be easy for her to secure a divorce for "cruelty, desertion and non-support."

Oh, how lovely! But is not the gentleman a hero to pay the lady's way to Reno in order that she may tell the Judge what a "fiend" he is?

No, my child. He is not a hero; he is merely an average American husband.

## TODAY'S GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

What is the fascinating looking place in the picture? That, my child, is New York City. Where is New York City located? It is located, according to most Bohemians, just North of Heaven, and according to all Bostonians, just South of Hades. It is bounded on the North by money; on the South by divorce; on the East by pawnshops, and on the West by tango tans. It is inhabited by capitalists, politicians, George M. Cohan and a few "Noo Yawkers."

What is a "Noo Yawker"? A "Noo Yawker" is a man who has been born in Keokuk or Oskosh—and found his way OUT. In the process he has acquired acclat, neurasthenia, motor-mania, card-drawn emotions and an entire polish on his nails. He has also become a buyer of wine and a sinner of water; a patron of the girly-girly "drama," and an admirer of comic supplement art.

His distinguishing characteristic, however, is bravery. He will ride with a taxi-banquet, eat a broiled live lobster and make love to a showgirl, all in the same evening.

Does the "Noo Yawker" then fear nothing in all the world?

Nothing, my child, except the newspapers, the opinion of his waiter—and the Alimony Club.

## TODAY'S WRITING LESSON.

Love is a matter of chance, marriage a matter of money, and divorce a matter of course.

## The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

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"I begins to look," said the head of a Board of Education that will go through the course of study in the primary schools with an axe. Mr. Churchill and his supporters in the present board of education are getting the axe ready, to the great distress of the professional educators who have been using the public school system as a medium for exploiting their private theories.

"The board of directors of a corporation that would permit itself to be dominated by a clique of managers and superintendents would soon find itself in trouble with the stockholders. The people of New York are the stockholders in the public schools, and the Board of Education is the board of directors. It ought to direct."

"Not Wilson, but Uncle Sam." "I WONDER," said the head politician, "we will have to fight our tamale eating brothers south of the Rio Grande."

"Let us hope not," said the laundry man, "but there is one thing we should not overlook. The position of President Wilson in respect of Huerta is the position of the Government of the United States."

"This Government is within its rights in refusing to recognize Huerta as President," said Mr. X. Huerta, in trying to force himself upon us. It is not in a controversy with President Wilson. He is in a controversy with the United States of America. And despite his bluffing tactics he knows it. Furthermore, Huerta knows that when this nation gets started it goes the whole route."

"A Continuous Performance." "I SEE," said the head politician. "That the movement to destroy Tammany Hall has taken concrete form."

"Well," remarked the laundry man, "the gentlemen back of the movement have had plenty of practice. Most of them have been engaged in destroying Tammany Hall for the past fifteen years."

## The Day's Good Stories.

### Wanted the Recipe.

WHEN a traveling street fair recently left Albany, Ga., a local merchant was left with a supply of confetti on his hands. As the fair was "playing" a nearby town he thought of a friend there who was interested in one of the comedians and sent him the following telegram: "Shipping you to-day 100 pounds of confetti to sell as fast."

In a day or two he had a reply. "Stuff here," read the telegram. "How do you cook it?"—Everybody's Magazine.

### His Meaning.

ONE evening, just as dusk, a man drove through the village with a handsome car, equipped with all the modern devices. He had been preceded a square before a considerable crowd of people. "See here, young fellow," exclaimed the official, "you will have to leave out and look up your license."

"All right, old pal," cheerily answered the man.

### Might Have Been Worse.

A YOUNG woman from the West was making a visit to an old maid town. One morning while dining with her hostess she said: "What is the diet of all these people?" "What?" responded the man. "What?" asked the woman. "I thought you were a brain food. There are really the best intelligent looking people I ever saw."

"Well," replied the hostess, "just think of what they would look like if they didn't eat. That's the reason."